G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR

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laim agin Leonard here. Now "____

this time," says Zach, authoritatively. "I owes you a long debt, and I'm free to chuse my own

"I'll lose my right hand first," exclaims Av-

asting a vindictive glauce at Leonard.
"I don't kear to press it, Mark," pur

"Which I will assist you to, sir," observes

ngerous ground."
"I defy you both," exclaims Mark, "to prove

what you assert. Do not think to frighten me,

by threats. Do your worst. I am quite pre-pared. Meanwhile, Mister Zachariah Grit, give

ip those papers!"
"Not of I can help, it, Mark," is the cool re-

inder. "They are out of harm's way, be sure;

"You'll repent it, Mark, I tell you," resumes

ach. "The rats hearn you and the lawyer

emembers, at once, the incident of the noise in the cupboard, behind the chair in his den,

and so does Mark. They speak apart, in low

whispers, but Aveling will not listen to his com-

panion. He again turns round, and defies Zach

at Mark, who, unsuspicious of any impend-

lowed by a little thin man in rusty black, and by

ng danger, is in the act of bantering

Gaetano is evidently much agitated.

out of you'll accept the offer I made

own," retorts he.

onder-you knows when."

a comin' up the stairs."

Mo Duna

NO. 420.

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on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SHERWOOD FOREST. WAGER BY BATTLE.

A Tale of Saxon Slavery in the Twelfth Century.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. CHAP. XII.

The Old Home. for his lady pricks forth in car train of Sir Yvo de Taillebois departed from tower of Waltheofstow; and thenceforth

iscontented, dark-spirited man became a more arouse and gloomy, until his tem-nd got to such a pass that he was shunned avoided by every one, even of his own feltrue, that in the condition of slavery, in

ers than himself, in being liable at any to be sold, together with the glebe to ore just, or grateful, or forbearing my, sullen temperament, such as almost to the length of hating,

his proper position in the scale of human

ore fortunate than himself.

of the condition, and the most tho-

her part. His rugged, stubborn, animal his own prospective liberation, to

wiste with them in their quarked for a bad servant and a danger of the male slaves of the lowest or-is regarded by his fellows as the bad he set, and was never sought by any,

treat him with a certain friendship s manner, at least, and curbing isplay of his passionate yet sullen

rhaps, as his sensual and unintellild allow him to love : and though d shown any predilection, never had

shment, and at length he got to lling him to some merchant, who

fate both of the master and the ed in the end to the events which

hich he had spent in constant mawarfare, a hated oppressor and tyrant as a garrison to the castle. try and vassals, and regarded, among ighbors and comrades, as an un-

erning some disputed rights of chase. chase under very aggravating cirreme for bearance of de Morville, a conflict den blow which had deprived them of a just, a would have ensued, which could have ensued and a merciful lord, as justice and ted only in the total discomfiture of his rival and all his men.

Talers. On them fell the most heavily the sudden blow which had deprived them of a just, a in great haste to finish that covering to a sofa the proposition, and a merciful lord, as justice and pillow, and had no time to spend in inquiring after, when old Mr. Gray died, it was found after, when old Mr. Gray died, i

This forbearance, however, effected no good end; for, before the barons parted, some words passed between them in private, which were not heard by any of their immediate followers, and the effect of which were known only by the continuous first of which were known only by the continuous first of which were known only by the continuous first of which were known only by the continuous first of their tempora or the continuous for their tempora or the continuous first of their temporal or the continuous first of their tem

a single esquire in his ordinary attire.

The vizor of the knight's square-topped helmet was lowered, and the mail hood drawn closely over it. His habergeon of glittering steel rings, his mail hose, fortified on the shoulders and at the knees by plates of polished steel, called poldrons and splents, shone like silver through the twilight; his triangular shield have. hung about his neck, his great two-handed broadsword from his left shoulder to his heel, and his long steel-headed lance was grasped in his right hand; none could doubt that he was riding forth to do battle, but it was strange that he spre no surcoat of arms over his plain mail, that no trumpet preceded, no banner was borne behind him, no retainers, save that one unarmed man, in his garb of peace, followed the bri-

the rode away slowly down the hill, through the serf's quarter, into the wood; the warder from the turret saw him turn and gaze back wistfully toward his hereditary towers, perhaps half prescient that he should see them no more. attached for life, like the ox or ass He turned, and was lost to view; nor did any eye he toils as a companion, there is of his faithful vassals look on him in life again. Noon came, and the dinner hour, but the knight came not to the banquet hall-evening just, or grateful, or forbearing fell, and there were no tidings; but, at night least of all is it so, where there fall, Eadwulf came in, pale, ghastly, and terriwe just enough of knowledge, of fied, and announced that the knight and the a, of higher nurture, to enable him to show in the abstract, to pine for it as glade of the wood, not far from the scene of the quarrel of the preceding day, on the banks of the river Idle. No time was lost. With torch in the least appreciating either and cresset, bow and spear, the household hurduties ried, under their appointed officers, to the fatal st of all, spot, and soon found the tidings of the serf to be but too true. The knight and his horse lay together, as

they had fallen, both stricken down at the same instant, in full career as it would seem, by a sudden and instantaneous death-stroke. warrior, though prostrate, still sat the horse as if in life; he was not unhelmed; his shield was still about his neck; his lance was yet in f sorrow, or of suffering, be rendered the rest, the shaft unbroken, and the point unbloodied—the animal lay with its legs extended, as if it had been at full speed when the fatal stroke overtook it. A barbed clothyard arrow had been shot directly into its breast, piercing the heart through and through, by some one pt it as his natural state, or to endure it in full front of the animal; and a lance point a sick room, mingled with the yearning tender had entered the throat of the rider, above the edge of the shield which hung about his neck, coming out between the shoulders, behind, and boyhood. Inflicting a wound which must have been instantaneously mortal.

ely, patiently, well, and therefore of the murdered baron; that two ho

dead in full career, by an archer ambushed in night-watches, an angel came down, and touch-the handlering the water, where he was the translation of the handlering the water and the water of his soul and so the sally remiss, working reluctantly and and that, as the horse was in the act of falling, after life he will remember these he had been bored through from above, before his own lance had touched the other rider.

The esquire had been cut down and backed the concellation of the concellation

swords, one of his arms being completely sev-ered from the trunk, and his skull cleft asunder y a ghastly blow. His horse's brains had en dashed out with a mace, probably after the slaughter of the rider; and that this part of the deed of horror had been accomplis by many armed men, dismounted, and not by the slayer of de Morville, was evident, from the mprinted in the turf around the carcases of a few moments, thinking of what life may be murdered men and butchered animals.

owed its course upward, to a place where it to which he had begun to fancy himmer-parched turf, which took no impression of chance, of the illness of his young relative, and

and of his associates in blood-shedding.

For the rest, the good knight lay dead, leaving

who should inherit either his honors or his ands. He had left neither testament nor next of kin. Literally, he had died, and made no

he sorely felt her absence, regretted own right, were heavily mortgaged; and that was matched by an almost miserly parsimony, ion from slavery, and even felt agpered abroad, and soon proclaimed aloud, that times seem as if it were too small a thing to not allow him to be scourged or set erful and unscrupulous noble of the vicinity, by beks, ordered his seneschal to take bringing charges which they had no means to

orepared by false witness.

Within a little while, Sir Foulke d'Oilly as sumed his rights territorial and seigneurial; but he removed not in person to Waltheofstow, continuing to reside in his own larger and more region, Sir Philip de Morville had the whole management of his estates and govstually at feud, at least on terms ernance of his serfs to a hard, stern, old mannity with the nobleman whose lands at-arms, renowned for his cruel valor, whom he nstalled as the seneschal of the fief, with his brother, acting as bailiff under him, and a handfull of fierce, marauding, free companions,

The retainers of the old lord were got rid of peacefully, their dues of pay being made up ing by the pleasant parlor window. From the to them, and themselves dismissed, with some garden beyond comes the sound of childish small gratuity. One by one, the free tenants threw up the farms which they rented, or re-signed the fiefs which they held on man-ser-vice; and, before Sir Philip had been a month able Saxon serfs, to whom change of masters brought no change of place; and who, regard ed as little better than mere brutes of burden, h sides, Sir Philip's being much the more ous; a forester of Sir Foulke d'Oilly's or known by name, to their new and vicarious

fashioning all sorts of gems and brilliants, from the pure, simple material of rippling waters.

Then, with a dreamy, mellowed worth, it slept on the broad meadows and upland pastures of Alfred!" the country, and crept noiselessly down through the thick branches of the old willows in the en flecks on little Alice Granger's newly-turfed grave, and stole with a subdued brightness through the vine-veiled window of a quiet room near by, where sat her mother, thinking of that little grave, while her eyes filled with tears. Oh! so different from the hot glare with which t looked down upon the brick walls and burning pavements of the city, where rose the mis-shapen, unmarked mound, beneath which, for three weeks, had rested the remains of the mur-

and weak from recent illness, on a sofa in a handsomely-furnished room of a pretty country villa, about four miles from the city. The windows, fronting the west, were thrown up, and the loitering west wind, laden with the

sweep of country, hill and meadow, dell and lawn, lake and forest, bounded by a circlet of hills, blue and misty, in the distance. Something of the glad, grateful sense of life, which we all feel after weeks of confinement to ness that sent his thoughts to the spot far be-

youd those blue hills, where lay the home of his

He forgot, for one moment, the dark plague spot on his soul, and it was neither agony nor Investigation of the ground showed that many horses had been concealed or ambushed in a neighboring dingle, within easy arrow-shot the doctors had said. He let them call its what ly, because he had no strength to resist; then laid his head back on the pillows, praying that Philip's charger had been treacherously shot and he lay free from pain in the long sleepless the angel's message, and the words stirred in prostrate before the Infinite Love, by their very ventleness. They created within him resolves so high and strong that they could not fulfil themselves. He saw himself the selfish, weak, egraded thing his passions had made him; but he saw, also, the noble, gentle, self-forgetting man he might be; and, before leaving that

> darkens the rose-tints, and he murmurs, sadly-'No happiness for me. I will be gentle, pahappy," and the mist in his eyes gathers into again, a wiser, better man. He had refused to have his friends sent for during his illness. Insave a distant cousin of his mother's, a merchant

by the name of Lester, who had his residence some four miles from the city. He heard, by called, with his wife, at his boarding-house, to see him. He took an interest in the boy, and, recovered to bear the journey to Ireton. He has left his room for the first time on the morn

of worsted on the work-stand beside her, deep in the mysteries of a new stitch in crochet. She is not far from thirty-five, and would be handtest for her soul, though in sooth it did some-

All her poor relations were of course ignored, while all those that were wealthy, or could boast a successful practitioner, whose fame extended commenced practice and still continued to re-side. His mother, too, was a daughter of one of the most distinguished families in the coun-

ty, and admired for her refinement and womangrace wherever she was known. Mrs. Lester did not appreciate these qualities herself, but she knew Mrs. Gresham was very much respectmost of the distant relationship between her husband and Dr. Gresham. They were creditable, and she liked to speak of them to her fashionable acquaintances, and make a kind of public lamentation over the fact that Dr. Gresham could not be prevailed on to come up to

head, and casts a hasty, nervous glance in that direction. At first, the voices sound as from a flushed faces and angry voices are disputing about some trifle. The mother looked up, not to interfere with the dispute, but to see that her flowers were safe from the inroads of those young, wayward feet, and, ascertaining this

did interest which the owner must needs feet in the physical welfare of his property.

Wo, indeed, wo worth the day, to the serfs of Waltheofstow, when they fell into the hands of Sir Foulke d'Oilly, and tasted of the mercies of his seneschal, Black Hugonet of Fenton in the Forest!

For the National Era.

HORACE GRESHAM.

Behind the disputants came two little girls, and at some distance in the rear appeared a small child, drawing a llow carriage, in which, half buried in embroidery, lay a baby. The child who had thus early taken up the office of a quadroped was a pale-cheeked, and though of the cheapest material, looked neat beside the soiled fashionable finery of the other children. At length, the eldest girl, tired of children. At length, the eldest girl, tired of

"Can't you come along | er? You are slower than a snail!"

You are twice as good as she is, any day!"
"She shall mind me, Mr. Saucebox!" cried

contempt at her prediction; but the sad-eyed little girl, who had heard all, dropped the han-dle of the carriage, and, sitting down on the "There, Clara, I should think you would be

always stand up for you. Come, I will draw baby for you."
"No you won't; I shall draw him myself!" said Clara, passionately.

But Alfred would not let go of the cart han-

dle, and, amid angry words and blows and pinches, they struggled over the carriage until they upset it, breaking in its fall a magnificent dahlia, and landing little George's plump self in the midst of a bed of mignonette, where he kicked and screamed in a way that soon brought his mother to the field of action. Alfred and Clara fled as fast as their feet would carry them, but Milly was picking up George from his fragrant couch, when she was saluted by a whole

"You good-for-nothing, ungrateful, wicked little wretch!" cried Mrs. Lester, pale with passion, "just look at my beautiful dahlia—completely ruined! and that bed of mignonette — all crushed up! And little George might have been killed, if there had happened to have been a stone there; and 'twould have been all the same to you! This comes of taking children out of compassion! Now walk

ear, the exasperated woman said—
"Hush! You needn't think you can were drawing George, for I saw you.

know you are not to blame; Horace Gresham, looking down kindly into her face, only made her cry the more, while he ad-vanced a few paces towards Mrs. Lester, who, at his unexpected appearance, had suddenly

statement of the truth would suffice to set the matter right; but, to his surprise, she made no apology, direct or indirect, for her unjust treatment of Milly, but muttered something about her fear that that "precious Georgy had been hurt." She was exceedingly mortified and vexed that Horace had witnessed her explosion, and angrier than ever at Milly, whom she still chose to regard as the cause of it. She felt conscious that she had exhibited herself in a very unamiable light; besides, she was especial-ly anxious to have Clara appear well before

ooked forward to the time when Mrs. Gree sham's influence, and her connection with some of the first families in the State, would be of great advantage to her daughter. Under or linary circumstances, could Clara have beer found, Mrs. Lester would not have hesitated to have bestowed on her both words and cuffs but now she had an end to gain. Besides, her

"You are young, cousin Horace. When you have half a dozen children to deal with, you will not wonder that one sometimes loses pa-Milly," she added, "go into the house and tell Bridget to come and take baby."
"Who is Millicent, cousin?" asked Horace

as the girl went towards the house. "The daughter of my half-sister, Millicent? riage? She was a great sorrow to us. She is now dead." And Mrs. Lester's face assumed a look of injured innocence, that an angel might

by her imperious step-mother and her passionate-minded father. He had promised her hand far beyond the quiet country town where he had in marriage to a wealthy, unprincipled man, beauty, without even the show of consulting her wishes; and partly won by the hope that her new home would prove less irksome and left for some of the Southern cities. The father felt that public opinion would cry out at a step like that; but there were many ways in which she contrived to make the bread of dependence exceedingly bitter to her. The fa ther was exceedingly angry at her husband's mad dissipation, and his wife skilfully men-aged to keep alive this anger; and because Millicent would not join in the execrations heaped upon him, they came to view her as equally guilty. Her husband had been, in his way, fond of her, and had treated her with more consideration than she had received from her own family; and in her gentle, woman

even mentioned. There was a good deal of indignation expressed in the neighborhood, when the truth became known; but all this died into which he constantly carries concealed about his silence, and little was afterwards heard of Milwas the story Mrs. Lester's words recalled, and Horace looked pityingly at the little girl as she

"Come," said Mrs. Lester, in her blandes manner, "you must not over-exert yourself.
You had best come in and rest a while on the

"No, thank you, cousin Harriet. I am rea ly strong this morning. It is so refreshing to get out into the sunlight again. I think a short

"Be sure you do not go too far, then," she aid," and I will see that those unruly children do not disturb you."

[REMAINDER OF CHAP. II NEXT WEEK.] For the National Era.

LEONARD WRAY. A ROMANCE OF MODERN HISTORY.

CHAP. XXIV. Mark Aveling and Gaetano Pelligrini experi ence a check.

"Come, Zach, rouse up. What do you want

"Possible! Leonard!" says Grit; "well. guess it's the most oncomfortablest feeling a man gets hold on, a wakin' up when he don't want tu, 'xcept it is not agoin' to sleep when he's in the mind.'

wished to see him about, so early. "Well, I hearn say you'd come back, Leonard," responds Grit, "and the garsong, as they calls him, and a precious queer song I say he is-yes, sir-told me you come back alone.

"Quite true, Grit. And what then?" "Why, now, you jes' tell me all that's come to you, Leonard, whiles I performs my aboli-tions; and then, if I don't make you cry oh, my! never you call me Zach any more

seeded in obtaining an interview with the Pres-"Cock-a-doodle!" screeches Zach, soaping

cousin, the Princess Mathilde, and bade me

of catting his nose the noter, and r such measures as should assure my person safety. He asked a great many questions abo Mark and the lawyer, and made notes as I answered them. I cannot say I perceived the drift of his inquiries, but they all indicated an nterest in my position; so I answered them

without reserve. "Have you done?" inquires Zach.
"Quite," is Leonard's response. "I have only to add, that he asked a good many quesons about you." "Pity I wan't there to answer 'um, Leonard,

chance yet. Now comes my turn. Jes' take and unlock that yar secretary; you'll find the key in my wais'coat pocket. Leonard finds the key, unlocks the secretaire and sees, piled upon the lower shelf, a large bundle of bank-notes, and several piles of gold

ooth-brush, "it wan't come by 'xactly as very for there was two on us-whar ten times more's been lost over and over again. I've come to

Leonard, "and been fortunate. "Well, that's a fact, Leonard. It aint of use a denyin' on it. We played, lose and win win and lose, till a streak of luck come, and we

"Can't say. Aint never reckoned it Guess it's a good smart sum, though, for one haul. But it was all luck. It aint made me a convert to the critter's system o' figgers, Leonard, as I'm the livin' son of my mother. No good never comes on it, noways as I ever seen, and I've had my two eyes wide open ever

since I larnt how to wink." "And your companion, Zach. Who is he? asks Leonard.

"It wouldn't si'nify to tell you his name, plies Zach, "nor I don't kear to tell what I Mark's bargain with that yer 'ily-tongued lawyer. But let him go whar he is goin, if there is such a place. What I wants to say is this,

not comprehend. Zach observes his embarrass ment, and proceeds to clucidate: "Because, ef you aire in the mind, Leonard," he says, "and there's money enough thar to do it, why, it's yourn and welcome, for all the kind

Leonard is now even more embarrassed than efore. He is quite overcome by the unexpectedness and the generosity of Zach's offer auch so that he cannot reply. "I means it, Leonard," resumes Grit, con up to his friend and taking his hand. "

stood atwixt me and Judge Lynch quite once, and been a friend when I wanted one more than I did a meal's victuals. It aint much I asks you in return-it's on'v to take it. and say no more about it.' "Zach! you are a noble-hearted fellow," re-

"In course you don't think so," retorts Grit seein' we're e'en a'most strangers to each other,

"Zsch, I do not see any way to accepting it," replies Leonard. "In the first place—even if I could approve of the means whereby it was obtained—I have no security"— Zach utters an exclamation of some mence, which may be left to the imagination of the reader to supply. It has the effect of stop-ping Leonard in the course of his observations,

Grit hesitates a moment or two, but presen ly holds it out, saying nothing, but watching his friend as he examines it. This he does, at first, just as if out of mere curiosity, when he once turns pale, and the weapon drops from his hand. "It aint hot, neither," observes Zach, pick

thanks. This somewhat mollfies Grit, who, be

ing now dressed, goes to his bed-side, and taking

person, is about to thrust it into the leg of his

"Why, Zach," he says, "what have you

"On'y a reg'lar Arkansaw tooth-pick," re

"Let me see it?" says Leonard, extending

sponds Grit, still in a stooping posture.

oot, when Leonard stops him.

convenient sometimes."

his hand.

m beneath his pillow the long-bladed knife

ing it up.
"Mark Aveling!" said Leonard, earnestly
"His! How came you by it?"
"His! When the same with the same wi Grit is silent for a moment or two. When he again addresses Leonard, his countenance is serious—disturbed even—and he speaks in a

"Can you bear to hear it, Leonard?" he in plot you and that trembling villain at your side had hatched up, and I know, too, that I am "I am not womanish," he responds. "Go standing in the presence of a murderer. Ah! You turn pale. Beware, sir! You stand on "Sit down, then, Leonard, for it's long some,

replies Grit, seating himself opposite to his friend, the table being between them. "There's murder in it, and ef I aint tell'd you on it afore, t was on account of her I wouldn't make on happy—no, not for bright worlds in all eternity."
"You mean—Milly," gasps Leonard.
"That's a fact, Leonard, I do mean her," retorts Grit. "She's been a streak o' sunshine

in many's the dark and lonesome paths in my vagabond life, has your sister, Miss Milly. I've tried to live up tu her, Leonard, but she was alers so fur, fur up, it was like lookin up at the stars, and tryin' to get to em, for all I could ever do to be a man worthy of such as she. Hows'ever, that's gone by—leastways the hardest part on it. When poor Ned Wilmot come in atwixt her and me, I found out, for the first time how love down. time, how low down I was, and I made up my heart hard agin ever thinkin' on her any more, as I used to think on her up to then. It was real hard, though; and many's the cruel time I had a gettin' seasoned to that sorrow."
"Poor Zach," ejaculates Leonard, in a tone

of deep commiscration.

"But, as I was a sayin'," resumes Grit,

"that time's gone by; and when I looks at her
now, it's on'y to feel I've been a worshippin' on her in a dream, and that she's further off me now than ever. Zach did not pursue his observations for

me moments. His eyes were moist, Leonard oticed, and his agitation was quite perceptile. Presently, however, he resumed: "I was a speakin' of Ned Wilmot. Poor fellow! I wish I hadn't got to tell of that I knows on. I might ha' done it afore, but the time wa'nt come. Mark Aveling's got to answer for what become of the poor youth. I

seen him do it. Leonard! hending, yet instinctively grasping at the c gives utterance to his feelings and to his suspicions in one portentous word, which Zach re "Murdered! Yes, and I seen him do i And that knife" suspicions, then, were one

Zach proceeds gravely to narrate the dread ful tale, dwelling on particular incidents, so as to connect them with certain circumstances yet fresh in Leonard's mind. When he has cluded, Leonard reproachfully exclaims: "And you could know this, and keep the facts from us? Zach, this was not well. torts Grit, "under the circumstances. were in his grip, hard as a vice, and Milly night ha' been kidnapped. I give you the ir ormation that made you get off to the Nort and from there over here, and I kep' my ey on Mark for a long while, meanin' to know more about it some day. Besides, I couldn't ha' fetched the witnesses without betrayin' the secrets of the runaway niggers

the swamp, who many a day and night ke trusted. But you knows all now. I aint been quite cl'ar, maybe, lookin' at the thing straight n the eye, but I done for the best." "Poor Ned Wilmot," ejaculates Leonard.
"Milly always said he had been murdered. But we will see whether justice cannot over take him.

"Well, justice has got powerful long arms that's a fact," remarks Grit; "but she's got tarnation greasy fingers, tu. Yes, sir; and she can't alers hold them she cotches, 'specially when the customer's wriggley, like Mark. Still there aint no harm a tryin', for if he's caged. he'll be out o' the way o' doin' more mischief to you and Milly."

They are interrupted in this conversation by a loud knocking at the door, which is thrust open before either has time to bid the party to enter. It proves to be Mark and Gaetano, who on seeing Leonard and Grit both there, change glances of satisfaction.

pause that ensues is embarrassing Leonard turns pale with excitement, but Gri remains perfectly calm, and, pulling his friend the intruders: "Glad to see you, Mark," he says, "though

your'e not welcome, for I've got business to settle with you and the lawyer there. Come quite n, and shut to the door." "We have business, too, with you, Mr. Grit," retorts Mark, savagely. "It will be sharp work

promise vou." The sharper the better for me, Mark," Zach's rejoinder; "so speak up, and when you're done, cl'ar out." "You were at a gambling-house last night," says Mark. "Well, I might ha' been. I shan't say wheth

er or no. Possible I was. What of it?' "You went with a man-this gentleman" clerk-one Martin, who won a large sum o money, and whom you conveyed home hackney-coach," continues Mark. "Can't see daylight through that, yet," re torts Grit.

"You were with him the whole day, too." pursues Aveling, "and, for anything I know t the contrary, may have been with him more than was good for either of you. Any how, last night this man had upon his person some most important papers, which have disappeared. We have seen him, and he says he put them up into his pocket. Where are they?"

"Keep cool, Mark," retorts Zach, "and we

shall do business, some, I can see. Was one

on 'em a deed—a mortgage deed—consarnin of Mr. Leonard's property?" "He knows about them," mutters "What signifies to you what they were?" growls the latter, addressing Zach. have taken them, and we intend to have them.'

"I aint said I took 'em, nor I aint said I aint got 'em," says Zach. Ef I have got 'em, I don't nean to give 'em up."
"We shall see," replies Aveling. "Mor Pelligrini, do me the favor to step round the corner, to the guard-house, and fetch me a sergeant-de-ville* and the commissary of po-

Grit, addressing the attorney, "till I tells you a little more about em. I guess the police will have to take more than me away, ef you're in too big a hurry. Come, I'll say I've got the mortgage deed, and the bond; but I want to do of the United States.

go after the guard. He is, therefore, only too ily. Nor are they likely to inspire friendship glad of some excuse to delay, though it is with

ent from Zach. Leonard has neither risen brotherhood. The Hon, Secretary of State will recollec nor offered yet to speak. He remains an anxious, eager listener and spectator.

"I've got some money, Mark, that's lightly come," pursues Grit, "aud I wants to put it to good use. There's enough to buy up your to employ their industry and capital in the country, for purposes of common utility, will be sure to find in Nacaragua. But at the same "I must interpose," interrupts Leonard— "You set still, Leonard, and let me manage time he must manifest again to the Hon. See retary of State, that the orders and instruction of his Government devolve upon him the sacred

give him a discharge in full. I suppose you're tent authorities of the country. The undersigned, confiding in the friendly "I'll lose my right hand first," exclaims Av-ling, crimson with rage and astonishment, and the Union towards Nicaragua, cannot but invoke the application of the principles of neutrality and of the laws of this Republic against all Brit, "on'y for your own sake. I'll put it to enterprises, whatever they may be, which may you agin. Will you be paid off?"
"No! I won't," shouts Mark, in answer. "I injure or contravene the rights and the interests of Nicaragua. And in the most earnest and cordial manner he begs the Hon. Secretary of "Which I will assist you to, sir," observes State to be pleased to cause appropriate order Leonard, rising. "I know of the diabolical to be issued, for the purpose of preventing diabolical to be issued, for the purpose of preventing diabolical to be issued, for the purpose of preventing diabolical to be issued. to be issued, for the purpose of preventing de-departure from the ports of the Union, but especially from New Orleans and New York, of any expedition or any vessels whose ostere ble or secret purpose be to violate the laws of both Republics, and also that such orders may be given to the commanders of the vessels of

J. DE MARCOLETA.

Department of State, Washington, November 30, 1854. The undersigned, Secretary of State of the

nited States, has the honor to acknowledge the cipt of the note of Mr. Marcoleta, envoy exordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the

and Leonard to do their worst.

"And if you do not, or will not, go after the guard, Mister Attorney," he adds, speaking fiercely to Gaetano, "let me pass, and you stay here to keep guard!" "No fear of our runnin' away," observe-Grit, "especially as I can hear more company are at peace, but is-what it professes to be-Gaetano's quick ear has also caught the ound of heavy feet ascending the stairs. His

In this view of the case, it is not a proceeding ountenance turns ghastly pale, for he recog-ises the tramp of soldiers. He gazes vacantly n violation of the laws of the United States or of the duties of neutrality. When these citizens, aving a peaceful pursuit in view, arrive in another country, they will be subject to the laws when the commissary of police enters, folf that country, and their conduct must be in onformity to those laws. This Government has no authority to prohibit or interpose to pretwo municipal guards and their corporal, who, grounding their arms, take up their post at the vent them from going out, and no control what

risdiction.
The undersigned avails, &c.,
W. L. Marcy.

the little man in rusty black, "which are the two men you have been following these last two LEGATION OF NICARAGUA. "Those," replies the spy, pointing to Mark

and Gaetano. att is in wain for Mark toot and Cuethib and inds himself a prisoner at the same moment. "It is useless being violent," observes the amissary, speaking to Mark. "Will you But what is my offence?" demands Ave

ng, looking askance at the shining muskets nd the glistening bayonets, and at the four oldiers outside. "I have no reply to give. Our orders ar arrest Monsieur," replies the officer. "But,

to make things more agreeable, you are privi-eged to call a coach. Will it please you have lesire to avoid being paraded through the streets between a file of soldiers. The comissary bows, and precedes his party down onard and Zach see them depart, each pris ner in a separate vehicle, accompanied by two

When they are gone, Leonard has a glimering of the motives of the President, in askng him so many questions.

THE GREAT MOSQUITO SCHEME

Interesting Correspondence between the Nicara guan Minister, Secretary Marcy, and the Nicaragua Transit Company, &c. LEGATION OF NICABAGUA New York, November 22, 1854.

On the 4th of May last, the undersigned had tate a communication conveying a protes Central American Land and Mining Compa v." has been formed in New York; and cov ring, at the same time, a historic sketch of its

igin, tendencies, and objects. In the performance of his proper duties, the undersigned has attentively observed the steps and the development of the projects of said company, and has now the moral conviction, as well as the evidence, that its members a associates contemplate a violation of the laws of this Republic, and an invasion of the Territo-

ry of Nicaragua.

The Herald, of New York, of the 17th instant ontains an article which confirms previo suspicions, and sustains the actual proofs in the case; but notwithstanding the little faith that may be supposed to attach to newspaper rumors, in which speculation generally overbalances truth, still the possible exaggeration n this case, does not weaken the facts, nor diseredit the reality of the danger.

The American Union has given to the world epeated proofs and guarantees of its respect or the laws and the rights of the countries with which it is at peace and harmony. The proclamations of its illustrious President against he Walker expedition in California, and against he various illegal designs on the island of Cnba, show clearly the right views of the Administration which now so wisely directs the desti

nies of this great Republic.

The tenacity with which Great Britain has sustained, and sustains to-day, her protectorate, over the Mosquito coast, has given, more than once, occasion to the American Government, principally at recent periods, to declare that the sovereignty over the said coast belongs, and has always belonged, to the Republic Nicaragua. Such declaration-or, better, such acknowledgment-has been reproduced and confirmed by the diplomatic agents of the Union in Nicaragua, in their frequent official relations and communications with the Government of

There is not, then, any doubt of the macy of the rights and sovereignty of Nicaragua over all the country comprised between the Atlantic and the Pacific seas, with all the adjacent islands, and over all the territory formerly called the "Province of Nicaragua," including the region generally known under the

The invasion with which Nicaragua is not threatened has been conceived and will be accomplished, if at all, by American citizens, for them to abstain from participation and com-

Invasion, force, violence, lead, and the revolcivilization; nor are they the means and weapons whereby intelligence and industry secures its conquests for the benefit of the human famoally not "to colonize Costa Rica, Nicaragua,

ecret misgivings he awaits the coming state- bind together different nations in a commo

way of payin' on it. I offers, then, Mark, to duty to oppose all enterprises which have no pay you what Leonard owes you, providin' you previously received the sanction of the comp

war of the United States in the Caribbean sea or cruising in the vicinity of San Juan, as shall

revent the landing of such expeditions as may e open to reasonable suspicions.

The undersigned avails himself, &c., &c., Hon. W. L. Marcy, Secretary
of State of the U. S., Washington

Republic of Nicaragua, of the 22d instant, refer ing to his former note of the 4th May last, in elation to the organization and objects of the Central American Land and Mining Com-

In reply to Mr. Marcoleta's observations, the dersigned has to state that the association ferred to is not understood to be an expedi on fitting out for any hostile object against any Government with which the United States n association for business purposes.

loor, inside. The unexpected arrival of these ever over them after they have gone beyond its

To Senor Don Jose de Marcoleta, de.

New York, December 11, 1854. The undersigned has informed himself of the nd the territory of the Republic of Nicaragua. The Hon, Secretary of State, who, according to the terms of his said note, seems to consider

and on account of the peaceful character of the seems to him that, in the said communication

the Government of Nicaragua, because he doe

not consider them applicable to the actual case

sociation referred to are entirely misconceive What is the origin and what is the character

of this company? A concession obtained, in 1839, by some individuals of Januaica, in the midst of the excesses and disorders of a disgusting orgie, om the brutal intemperance of the chief of an ndian tribe-a conces y by the successors of that chief, and fraudu ently transferred to certain American specula lispose, without the slightest authority, of almoan inducement to the innumerable class of per sons who abound in the populous cities of the

This is public and notorious; and, perhaps, he Hon. Secretary of State may be aware that part of the "business" of that company is to establish within the Territory of Nicaragua a and the anarchy of a country now unhappil rent by political convulsions, which strangers may have contributed in a great part to bring

business," of this company—such the pur-pose of the men who are connected with it, and who, with or without the consent of Nicaragua ntend to make an irruption on the territory of friendly State, and to appropriate to them selves the property of others.

Even on the hypothesis of such "peaceful"

bject" as may be claimed for this company, to themselves the right to put their feet on the soil of a foreign country, which openly opposes their plans, which protests against the will be recognised, unless it has previously received the assent of the constitutional author ty of the country? The undersigned, without intending to inte

ere in the acts nor in the questious merely mestic of the American Union, may, never theless, be allowed to quote the authority of the Supreme Magistrate of this Republic, in whose message to the Congress, on the 4th instant, i s proclaimed as a recognised principle, that the Central American States are the only ones which have inherited from Spain the sovereignty and the lawful jurisdiction over that er country.

from many eminent American statesmen in ragua in this case, but it is now sufficient to call the attention of the honorable Secretary of State to the following words of the Hon, John M. Clayton on the ratification of the treaty

"We have not recognised, nor can ise, the pretensions to sovereignty of the Mosquito King, nor of any other Indian in America. To do so would be to deny the rights of the United States over our own prope

ust considerations, the undersigned cannot understand how it is possible to deny to the company referred to an unlawful, aggressive hostile, and criminal character, so

Money may be forwarded, by mail, at my risk. Notes on Eastern banks preferred. Large amon is may be remitted in drafts or certificates deposit.

Submibers wishing their papers change ed, will give the name of the post office changed from, as well as the post office they wish

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FOR THE NATIONAL ERA.

On the following morning, at the break of day, before the earliest of the serfs were summoned to their labors, the castle drawbridge was lowered, and Sir Philip rode forth on his destrier, completely armed, but followed only by a single esquire in his ordinary attire.

he by whose lance he had fallen, had charged im in full career.

with many wounds of axes and two-handed

Efforts were made immediately to track the ssassins by the slot, several, both of the menwell as the scent of the slow hounds, which tears, "happy, I can never be!"
So he had risen up, and gone out among men were laid on the trail; for, within a few hundred yards of the spot, the party had entered where the land on the further bank consisted of

cumstantial evidence; yet none doubted, any as soon as he was strong enough to bear the more than if they had beheld the doing of the journey, had insisted on taking him to his own astardly deed, that the good Lord de Morville

o child, wife, brother, nor any near relation,

the masses were chanted over the dead, and some, were it not for the extreme thinness and the last remains of the good knight were consigned to dust in the chapel vaults of his anrestral castle, never to descend to posterity of
his, or to bear his name again forever.

lating expression of countenance. Nor did the
expression belie her. At once passionate and
intensely selfish, Mrs. Lester was an exacting his, or to bear his name again forever. intensely selfish, Mrs. Lester was an exacting mistress, a fretful, unsympathizing wife, a self Philip had died deeply indebted to the Jews of ish, scolding mother. The gods she worshi any rivalry of his brother, whom he red, and half bated for his assumed estates, all of which were unentailed and in his ion and money. Her excessive love of display of the deceased. Shortly after, it was whis-

Sir Foulke d'Oilly had become purchaser of quarrel about.

Vanity usually came off victor in these con by the royal mandate in the possession of the tests, but avarice solaced itself by beating down seigneurial and feudal rights of the lapsed fief seamstresses and shopmen, and systematically Waltheofstow. There had been none to draw attention to the suspicions which weighed so heavily against Sir Foulke in the neighborhood; and among the followers of the dead knight, they were men of small rank and no sedulously courted. It was this feeling that influence, and had no motive to induce them prompted her seeming kindness to Horace substantiate, if true, and which, to disprove, it was probable that he had contrivances already

CHAP. II. The sun has been "up and doing" for many hours—peering down through the thick leadings and gnarled branches, to dry the birds' nests; and gnarled branches, to dry the birds used and the boy, evidently to be contrary to make ir-bath around us to just the right heat for the ter, cried out—

"Don't mind a single word she says, Milly!" myriads of beings who "live and move and have their being" therein; unfolding the tomid flower-buds leaf by leaf; kissing the full-blown beauties which blushingly drooped their heads, though everybody knew they were used to it; graveyard at Ireton, until it fell in bright, gold-

dered gambler, Granger.

And of all this, but more than all of the gen tle woman, who sat weeping in that quiet room, was Horace Gresham thinking, as he lay, pale

perfume of flowers with which it had been dallying in the garden below, fell softly on the invalid's brow; while his eye took in a broad

deeds of Christian charity and love. Thus, for

ing of which we speak.

He is not the only occupant of that room, for

Such is Mrs. Lester, as she sits there crochet

the effect of which were known only by the con-

children. At length, the eldest girl, tired of quarrelling with her brother, looked back and

the girl, stamping her foot in a rage. "She shau't stay here if she don't. She don't half earn her victuals, and her father was a poor, The boy made a grimace significant of his

path, burst into tears. ashamed to make her cry," said the boy.
"Hush, Milly," he went on; "don't cry. I'll

ower of blows about her head and ears.

into the house, and don't let me catch you setting foot in the garden again!"
"Oh, it wasn't my fault, aunt Harriet!" be gan the child; but, with another box on the

not another word out of your mouth!" peated, seeing the child about to speak. "You needn't stand there, looking so impudent!"
Milly had stood, looking wonderingly in Mrs. Lester's face, as if scarcely comprehending this but, at these last words, she drew her childish figure up a little, as if she disdained to defend herself against such barefaced injustice. But childish pride is never so strong as childish grief; and the moment after, she turned aside, and, leaning her head upon her little hands struggled to repress them. She started, as a hand was laid gently on her head, and a gravetoned voice said-" Don't cry so, my dear; I

heard the whole affair from the window, while you were sorting your worsteds. The blame should fall on Master Alfred and Clara, more especially Clara, who was in a violent passion

passion had subsided into mortification; so, to put the best face on the matter, she turned to Horace, and said, with one of her pleasantes!

Horace felt that he had stumbled on a delicate subject. He had heard of Millicent Gravas a gentle, lovely girl, kept in close subjection

ent and her husband for some years. Such appeared, coming down the walk with Bridget, thinking that her motherless lot was sadder in he house of her aunt, than her own mother's

stroll among your beautiful flowers will be more beneficial than the sofa."

By the author of "The Chronicles of the Bastile," "The Embassy," "The Yule Log," "Philip of Lutetia," &c.

with me? Here I am. It is Leonard who speaks, as he lustily shakes the sleeper, who is difficult to awaken, and does not seem at all disposed to hurry; at last he arouses himself with an effort, and sits up in

Leonard hopes he will soon get over it. He very anxious to know what he so particular

Zach proceeds to operate upon himself at the toilet table, and Leonard, taking a seat, commences his narrative.
"We got away capitally," he says, "and suc

conduct Mildred to her, which I did. There "Yankee doodle!" cries Zach, at the risk

bserves Grit. "Hows'ever, I may have

and silver pieces. He is very much asto and asks where it all came from.
"Maybe," observes Zach, in the intervals strait-up people calls honest. But, you know Leonard, some folks has got tarnation queer no tions bout honesty. I got it-leastways we did,

Like other prudent, thoughtful mothers, show broke the bank; yes, sir! and here's Columbia's share of the winnin's." "You must have won largely, Zach.

> knows on him. He's been a friend to you and Milly, though, for it was he told me about Leonard: Are you a mind to buy yourself off of Mark Aveling?" Leonard is silent. For the moment he does

turns you done me when I've been in want on

oonds Leonard, "and from the very bottom of by heart I thank you. But I do not think I ight to accept your offer." and oughter stand nice. I guess it's because the money aint come clean by, 'cordin' to your notions; but it was won fair; though maybe gamblin' aint the most respectablest way a-goin